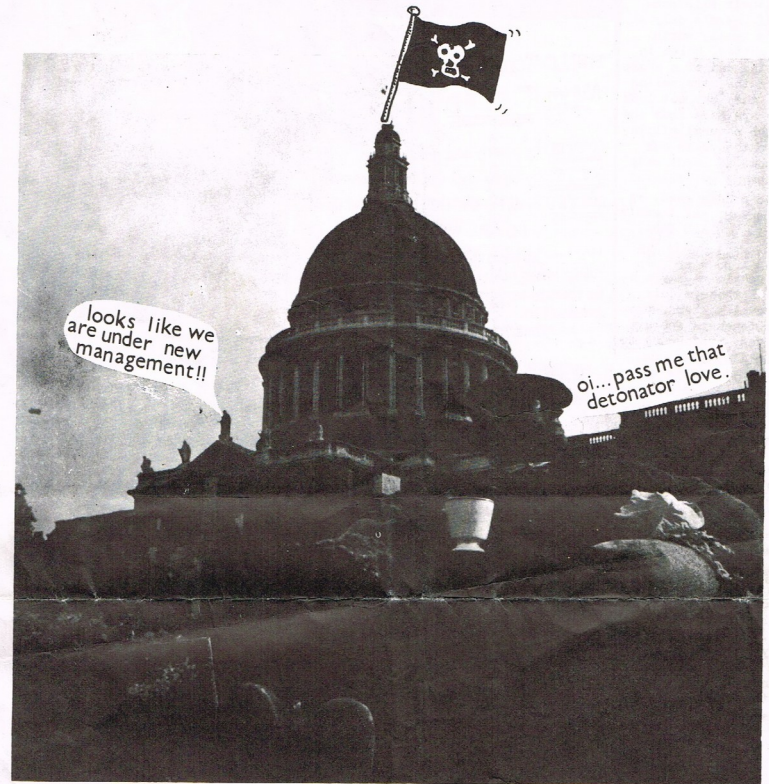


The Guttled



**WE BUILT IT.
NOW WE TAKE
IT OR TRASH IT.**

DITCH THE RICH!

THIS IS CLASS WAR.....

There ain't no point in sending a few rich bastards to nick for their crimes against us, their existence is a crime in itself. There's only a few places that it's really worth putting them - the gutter, holes in the ground and on the end of a sharp stick. Wales suffers the same ruling class as elsewhere, they may not look like toffs but they are made from the same shit. Due to the natural militancy of the area down the years our brand of scumbags come in ready made fancy dress socialism to get elected.

For us there is no middle road, we want them out of the way and there's only one way to do it...CLASS WAR!

shit creek revisited

As working class people we say a hearty fuck off to all those middle class trendies - social workers, probation officers and teachers who are waged to run our lives, pretending to be on our side while they piss us around all week and then invite us to stand in a field in Berkshire and call for 'PEACE' - stroll on. All this peace and jobs shit, designed to make our anger safe and misdirected, is on it's way down the pan as far as we're concerned. We don't want to fight a conventional war to keep the rich scum in business and we don't see any point in pleading for shitty jobs as wage slaves in poxy factories and Japanese car plants...

know your enemy!

We are beyond the pale of their control. In our neighbourhoods we know what's going down. The filth harass us when we are trying to have some fun or stick a few community cops to snoop on us and invite us to grass each other up. In the same way soft cops in legwarmers and John Lennon specs do a similar job for the S.S.

In the meantime we have to become criminals to get by - hobbling, fiddling the SS and theiving. If that's the way it's gotta be then let's use

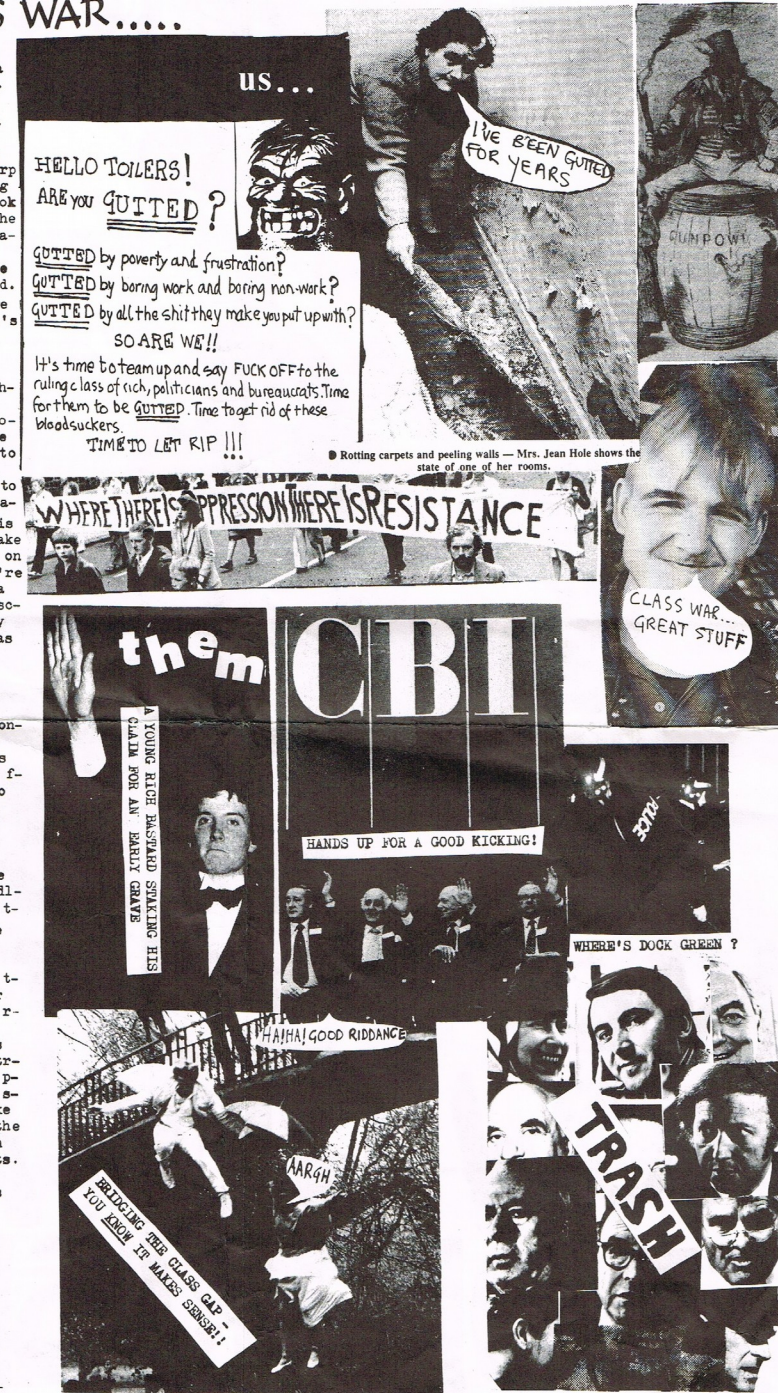
their life in your hands

our common sense. Instead of doing the work of the cops by burgling our own kind let's make sure we do the rich areas.

By making sure we get our targets right until the time is right to strike back on the streets we will be putting the pressure on them. In the same way in the workplace we can make sure that when we strike we hurt the rich by refusing to attend fires in their areas or tend to rich patients.

Looking after our own, usin' our own tactics and our own terms, this is the way to do the business.

Class War, unremitting until we take control!



EXTERMINATOR

History has shown that each moral crusade has always attracted a deliberate attempt to sabotage and discredit it by those who oppose it. Society has, and always will, employ agent provocateurs in this role. Whether the agitators on the Biorix protest strictly fit this role or not is perhaps unimportant. As long as we are not seen to fill this role.

We know CND last year was accused by this disreputable group of anarchists of diffusing and re-directing people's anger into useless action. Due to this CND is now without credibility. They led their troupes to the top of the hill just lead them down again. We believe we can succeed where CND failed, and keep leading our troupes up and down hills ad infinitum. As long as we are not seen to be in this same light, that is.

So we propose that to stop the scurrilous truths being believed that we now call anarchists 'fascists' and accuse of the same things they will accuse us. But first, thereby re-directing class anger against the state for their treatment of defenceless animals into anger and violence against these 'fascists'.

The only line we do draw however is that the BUAV itself cannot organise direct action, whilst we do morally support those that do, providing that their actions do not cause harm to sentient life - human or animal.

We can prove the violence of these mindless NF type thugs. They were seen throwing 'INSULTS' at the police along with the ALF and other anarchists (Surely some mistake)...er Fascists.

So we will make an exception to our 'no violence against humans' stance and will positively encourage violence against anyone, who they are is unimportant but we'll call them fascists.

The fact that they threaten our position of power is all. But remember we will never condone violence against the police, MP's and our friends on the middle class Quiche Lorraine circuit in Islington. Because this is just too close to home.

So to avoid this infiltration of minor irritants we suggest you follow the simple rules we have drawn up for an effective demonstration. Making it easy for us to spot and eliminate anyone deviating from the norm.

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD

Our tactics are those to which the greatest number can conform with the least difficulty. They require no more than your presence and a minimum of participation. All that we ask is that you recreate the conditions of your work. Remember! It's numbers that count; the boredom you feel is also imposed by the demo on everyone else. Each demonstrator must be equivalent to and replaceable by any other. Just like our old friend, the commodity. Please bear in mind that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage. OK?

We therefore ask you to comply with the following simple rules:

1. Exactly one hundred to a line, each rank to be one yard clear of the line in front. No lounging please.
2. Wait for the initiative of the official loud-speakers before repeating the correct slogans, always recognisable by their format. For example: "X - IN! ... Y - OUT!" or "WHAT DO WE WANT? - SOMETHING! ... WHEN DO WE WANT IT? - WHENEVER YOU GET ROUND TO GIVING IT TO US!". Kindly check that all Extra-Parliamentary slogans recognise the ultimate sovereignty of Parliament. If you have any doubts, consult our easy-to-read list of DEMONSTRATION SLOGANS DO's & DON'Ts:-
3. If you see any impatient extremists please inform us immediately. They are easily distinguishable by the following kinds of sectarian individualism:
 - a) Inventing unofficial slogans such as "BUAV is a Cop!", "Neither Left, Right, nor Centre!" or "Revolution is the Festival of the Depressed!" or some other aggressive utopian rubbish.
 - b) Departing from the prescribed site of the demo for the purpose of indulging in manual waltzes through shop windows and the wilful destruction of saleable goods. Take care to note that Piccadilly, offering gold-drenched shops and fine vistas of the commodity, is a holiday of sheer temptation you should avoid.
 - c) Making unauthorised alterations to luxury cars.
 - d) Using banner poles in an extravagantly exuberant manner.
 - e) Smoking excessively long cigarettes or 'joints'.
 - f) Drinking looted alcohol.

coordinated ferocity

- g) Suggesting that demonstrators should band together in groups of fifty or more in order to spread disruption of traffic as widely as possible. For example, by the continuous use of zebra crossings, standing around chatting in the middle of the road or arranging obstacles to prevent the free flow of carbon monoxide, lead, cop cars, and tension-producing noises through our streets.

AN OPEN LETTER TO RICH BASTARDS EVERYWHERE



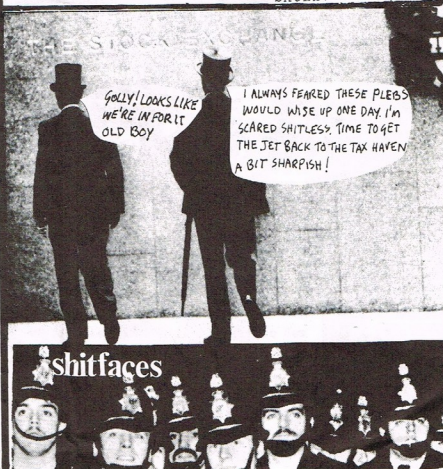
As I walk through town, I'm sussing every one out, who's rich and who's poor, I notice the snobby bastards look down on me as if I'm a piece of shit lying in the gutter but I think to myself, they're the shit, NOT US. We're the one's who get to do all the sunny jobs like cleaning their windows and tidying their posh houses and washing their posh clothes when really we should be wiping our arses in 'em.

The rich bastards think they can get away from us to their posh houses out of town, but they'll never get away from us 'cos we're the kids on the streets, we're every fuckin' where, they're scared stiff of us but they won't admit it, so then we're slaves but one day it will all be reversed and we'll see if they like it, they'll fuckin' hate it, they probably wouldn't survive one day in a normal day of our lives which is being skint almost all the time, having to go out and nick most of our food 'cos dole money ain't enough for us to live on, we walk around in the rags clothes which have been handed down to us from our older brothers and sisters, we don't have new expensive clothes to pose around in every day, we're the working class rebels against society and if you posh bastards get in our way you're likely to get your fuckin' heads kicked in, your houses, mansions and Rolls Royces blown to bits and you'll be the laughing stock then, won't you! Remember, the WORKING CLASS people rule NOT YOU! We are the strongest, we've got our pride which is something you'll never take away from us.

If and when we have this nuclear war half you rich bastards including the queen and all the royal mob will be privileged with nuclear shelters and you'll be watching us get splat all over the fucking place and you wouldn't give a shit, would you? But when we've gone what the fuck are you gonna do then 'cos you won't have us around to do your shit for you. You'll be living like animals after your food supply has gone, dog eat dog cannibalism, yes, something you've never dreamed about, well that'll come to you and I hope you suffer. I know I won't be around to see that happen and by fuck I really wish I could see it. That would really make my day. I'd laugh my fuckin' head off!

....and so would millions of others.
yours most sincerely

SKULL. WALES.



NEWS OF THE SCREWS

Bosses set for that long walk...



be there or
be square

THE champagne will be flowing for the bosses who join in the March for the Olympics. And there will be smoked salmon and maybe even a portion of caviar to tempt the bosses to take part in the 13-mile walk next month.

WHAT A line-up! Here are the bosses of South Wales — and they're just about the unfittest Prick bunch you'll ever meet.

their workforces will have the chance to put the bosses on the streets and make them sweat

Caviar?

Along the half-marathon route will be strategically-placed refreshment stops with the sort of food a boss might be expected to eat. There will be a champagne stop, a smoked salmon and possibly even a caviar and lobster stop. "I feel if it was a bosses march, then the refreshments should be in line.

The chairman and managing director of Hamard Catering, Mr Christopher Pollard, has offered to wine and dine the bosses as they make their weary way along the mini-marathon route. The walk — to be staged on April 1 (and contrary to popular opinion it's no joke) — is being staged to raise at least £25,000 to help send the British team to the Olympic Games.

And the idea is for 250 bosses to be sponsored of £100 each by their workforces to reach that target. Mr Pollard, who was one of the first businessmen to volunteer to join in the walk, has offered his company's services to refresh the brave bosses.

"People seem to like physical challenges these days and this is an ideal opportunity to get 250 bosses, who spend too much time sitting on their backsides, out in the fresh air getting some exercise," he said.

He added: "If we get through this alive, I'm sure it will do us a lot of good."



Mr Philip Weekes



Ian Kelsall — he'll be there, even if it's on skates.



Mr Geraint Stanley Jones



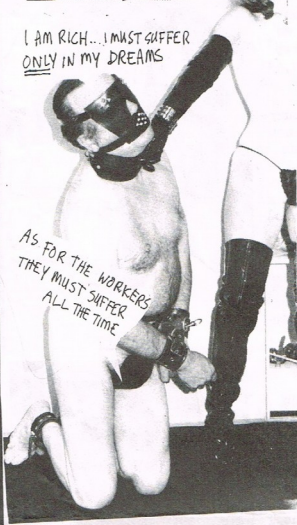
TWAT

RICH BASTARD BEWARE

On April 1st these and other such scum that run businesses, TV and the whole web of exploitation in Wales will be available for comment on the spot as they wend their way round Cardiff. Put it in your diary!

STUN 'EM

BINGO!



I AM RICH... I MUST SUFFER ONLY IN MY DREAMS

AS FOR THE WORKERS THEY MUST SUFFER ALL THE TIME

When we're not surviving and being ripped off at work or with pxy dole money we are being ripped off when we try to have fun. What we have earned through boring work or boring unemployment we are then meant to spend on leisure.. On tv and in the papers we are bombarded with images of pleasure — nice things, booze, music and sex. And if you are skint save up for a UB40 album to explain how you feel (FUK)

These images of pleasure pretend to make you a part of things; really make you feel apart from things — bored, confused and miserable. Boredom is good for business.

The ruling class who benefit from this aware of this deception are not free of this misery but they consciously chose to make money and gain power out of it. All their authority rests on continuing these lies. In their private lives they flout their public moralising — getting their rocks off by the fantasy of punishment by paying for Sado sex when we should be punishing them in reality on the streets. The stench of their power is sickening because they are sickening.

TINPOT GONG FARCE

Football hooligans, thugs maniacs and poor freezing sods on the terraces, YOU ARE RUINING the game of which we are so proud. YOU are driving people away from the games and WE are going bust. Just who do you think you are? Cardiff and Swansea are on the slide because of you and we know it can't be true that due to our mismanagement lack of skill and fast buck making as managers and directors that WE are to blame. NO...NO...NO. we mean whose bloody team do you think it is anyway. By all means sell bingo tickets in the pouri g rain and come to the supporters club meetings, but don't start thinking it's YOUR club...we're off to the Bahamas for the weekend now.

YOURS: Mike England, Len Ashurst, John Toshack, sports hacks of the Western Mail, Echo, Post and our rich sports chums from the telly



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